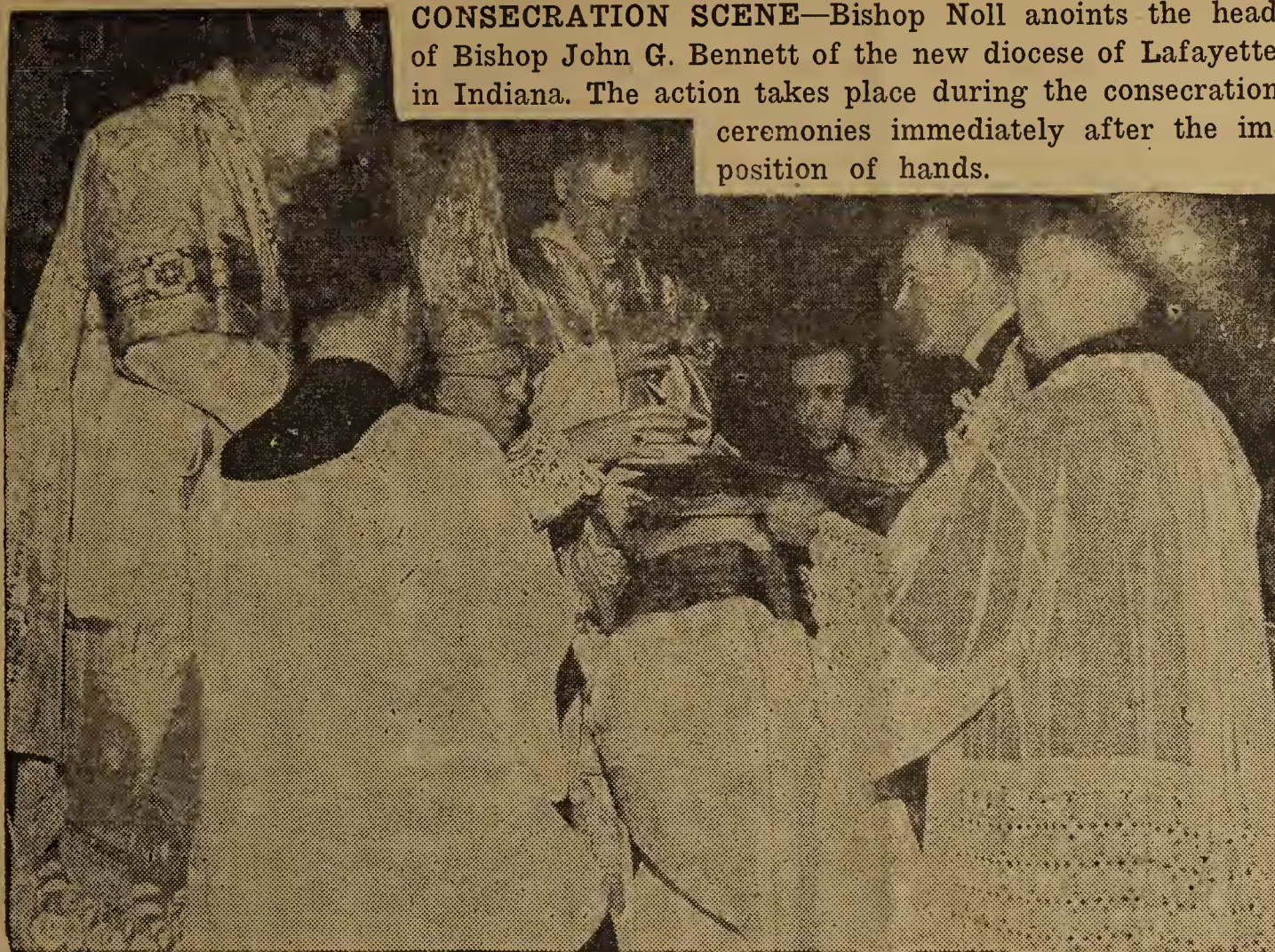


RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST

CONSECRATION SCENE—Bishop Noll anoints the head of Bishop John G. Bennett of the new diocese of Lafayette in Indiana. The action takes place during the consecration ceremonies immediately after the imposition of hands.



Lieut. Geo. Lundy Now In Infantry

December 10, 1944

Dear Editor,

The primary purpose of this letter is to extend a double Christmas greeting—the first to you, and the second to the student Loan Fund (the latter punctuated with the enclosed). I would much prefer to extend these personally, but can do no more now than pray that this will be possible next Christmas.

Since my last letter I have moved quite a bit, taking in the scenery at three different army posts out here on the east coast. Somewhere along the way, I dropped the crossed cannon of the Coast Artillery for the crossed rifles of the infantry.

For the past six weeks I've been attending a course here at Fort Benning that is designed to convert former AA officers to Infantry. The course is very difficult both academically and physically.

Sincerely,

Lieut. George Lundy
7th Co., 1st Stu. Tng. Regt.
Fort Benning, Georgia.

Vesuvius Erupts First Time For Carl Caston

Convalescent Section, Wd 68
Walter Reed Gen. Hospital
Washington 12, D. C.

Dear Editor,

Since I left St. Joe nearly two years ago I have done much traveling. After a rigorous training course, I was sent overseas as a replacement in the infantry, landing in Casablanca late in November, '43. Thence to Oran for a short training period, a sort of refresher course, only no one seemed very refreshed after it was over.

About the middle of December we were led down to the water front and packed very neatly on board an English transport for shipment to Italy. As we rolled up the Mediterranean, I saw many interesting and historic sights; the beautiful isle of Capri, countless Italian villages, and majestic Mt. Vesuvius.

When we reached Naples three days later I was surprised to see that except for around the water front the beautiful city was practically unharmed. On Christmas day I joined the 36th Infantry and waited for orders. Two days later I was marching up the side of a mountain. One seems always to be walking up the side

(Continued On Page Four)

RADIO MECHANIC



Sgt. Vincent Shank

In the armed service for almost three years, Sgt. Vincent J. Shank, '36, is a radio mechanic with a P-47 Thunderbolt group which supported the British Eighth Army in Tunisia, fought in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns, and entered southern France shortly after D-Day. He has been overseas for twenty-three months.

Sanislo Sends Greetings

S-Sgt. Joseph Sanislo, 6992344, sends greetings to all from Hq 60th Bn S-4, Ft. Lewis, Washington.

CONTACT

Published By St. Joseph's of Indiana

Vol. 7

Collegeville, Indiana, January, 1945

No. 5

Daughter Of Captain Metzner Dies When Train Strikes Car

Ten days before Christmas an automobile accident took the life of Hilda, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John A. Metzner of 4550 South Canal Street, Delphos, Ohio. Captain Metzner, '11, who was driving the car, was severely bruised and confined to the hospital until Christmas day.

The accident happened in the evening just a block from St. John's Church in Delphos, as Capt. Metzner, his daughter, John, Jr., and another boy were crossing the railroad tracks. To the left they could see the headlight of a train in the distance; to the right, the track seemed clear, and the girl told her father, "It's O. K. here." Then came the crash with a slowly moving train without bright light.

Hilda was crushed between the train and the car, her body sev-

erly mangled and her head fractured. The automobile was turned over and onto the tracks of the other train, but the tower man, seeing the accident, threw the block and halted this train.

Priest Is Summoned

Alertly, John, Jr., summoned a priest from St. John's, who rushed to give the dying girl Extreme Unction. Nearly a thousand people attended her funeral, and friends offered over four hundred Masses for her.

Bearing up in his grief, Captain Metzner writes: "I feel that Almighty God planned for her to meet Him face to face. May his holy will be done."

CONTACT

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Editors
Edward A. Fischer
Sylvester H. Ley, C.P.P.S.

IF THERE WERE NO personal answers to the many cards and letters of well wishing that came from the readers (staff) of **CONTACT** to the editor for Christmas and the New Year, they were appreciated. This blanket acknowledgment of them all is a sincere assurance that every prayerful thought, wish and hope is reciprocated.

This January number is the midway issue of the sheaf of nine editions that go to make up Volume Seven. Copy coming in steadily thus far has always assured full pages without padding. Somewhat of a dropoff from service men overseas in recent weeks is understandable; the inclement weather, the distance they often are from a mail dispatch center, and the inconveniences, hardships and dangers they encounter make writing extremely difficult.

Whether conditions in 1945 will permit a homecoming gathering on the campus is still impossible to say. In any event, however, featuring classes by decades in **CONTACT** should continue. This, therefore, is the first call to the men of 1895, 1905, 1915, 1925, and 1935.

* * *

THAT INSPIRATIONAL concert of the Trapp Family Singers, presented in the college auditorium last night, brings to mind a thought expressed by Franz Werfel in his latest volume, **Between Heaven and Earth**. "We who are so mighty that we fly through space and harness the waves of the ether are at the same time staggering along the road weary unto death, with downcast eyes fixed on the ground."

Werfel adds, however, "Our alienation and the materialistic delusion of this present will dissolve like a horrible dream. And among the benevolent forces tenderly waiting to wake man out of his dream stand the prophesy and poetry of art."

When the Nazi heel stamped out the happy family existence of the von Trapps at the German occupation of their native Austria, it was the common bond of music and the inspiration and joy they found in playing and singing together that kept this large family unified in spirit, purpose, and hope.

Fischer Publishes Paper As Ship Sails Burma Bound

On the broad expanse.

Dear Editor,

No matter where I go, even on the high seas, the newspaper game haunts me. It is my responsibility to publish a four-page daily for the ship. The news comes from the States by code. A four-man staff, all with metropolitan experience, assist me.

I am writing a wave by wave sealog that has reached 6,000 words; I hope to see it grow to 10,000 before the end of the voyage.

Censoring mail is quite an experience. Most of the letters are pretty barren. The only original thing about them is the spelling. Every now and then, however, one comes across something that is really worth reading.

As there is no Catholic chaplain on our ship, the Catholics gather on the prom deck to recite the rosary and read the gospel. Before leaving California, I was told by a Catholic chaplain that my faith would mean more to me than ever before overseas; I am beginning to comprehend the full meaning of his words.

* * *

Land Again
December 26

The best Christmas gift I ever received came yesterday—a packet of mail. Your letter and a copy of *Stuff* was in it. Believe me, I needed that to get the Christmas spirit.

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget this Christmas, not because it was so beautiful but because it was so strange. I held my own private service while sitting on a stump in the jungle.

My overall impression of India is that it is a country of pitiful beggars, undernourished sacred cows, millions of naked children, smelly bazaars, and primitive villages. People live here the same way they lived the night that Christ was born.

Keep the letters coming.

Sincerely,
Ed

Captain Hodous Rallies From Blackout Accident

December 30, 1944

Dear Editor,

Yesterday a copy of **CONTACT** reminded me that I have not written to you for some time. I have seen about all there is to see in the twenty-six months I have been overseas. I made the initial landing in southern France and have seen all of the country except Paris.

For the past two months I have been in a general hospital as the result of an accident while driving during blackout. Now that I am cured of the bloodpoisoning that set in, I have hopes of continuing my travels in France.

While I was in Italy I met Father Scharf, who at the time was with the 262nd Station Hospital. Before leaving for France I had several talks with him.

Here at the hospital we had a very unpleasant Christmas visit from the Germans, who bombed and strafed us. Thank God, the damage and casualties were light.

Let's hope we all meet again at St. Joe.

Sincerely,
Capt. F. C. Hodous, '40

CONTACT—January, 1945—Page Two

Oscar Sieben, In France, Knows Little Of Country

Dear Editor,

I'll start right off by wishing you and all the members of the faculty a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The only alumni I have met since I'm in the Army were Father Francis Fate, who was Chaplain at Camp Plouche when I was there last spring and summer, and Father Boeke, a cousin of our former Chicago Secretary.

Although I haven't met any over here in France, I'm sure that there are plenty of others here. **CONTACT** has not caught up with me since I left the States. I've been in the same city for nearly three months. If I don't start to move around pretty soon, I'll be familiar with only a very small part of this country. As long as I had to come over to see Europe on this escort tour, let's go!

The beer is atrocious; the Calvedos, poison; the Cognac, scarce. I'm becoming quite a teetotaler. With a wish that all my friends may enjoy health and happiness and that Christmas may bring peace on earth to men of good will.

Sincerely,
Oscar Sieben, '25

Frozen Tooth Brush Awkward To Work With

A few notes from under a pup tent in France. This is certainly different from anything I've seen before, although in some respects it corresponds with England. The solid stone houses, the hedgerows and narrow roads, the wooden shoes, the rosy red cheeks of the French folk all add to the local color.

Apple cider is freely traded for a cigarette or two. Even some of the very small children smoke and trade their parents' cider and wine for almost any American-made product.

It's just a bit cool sleeping on the ground, especially in the morning when the heavy frost pins you down. A frozen tooth brush or wash cloth, or tooth paste is a bit awkward to work with. Usually every two days you get an opportunity to wash your face and feet.

Sincerely,
Lieut. Ralph Parker

Reinman In Philippines Sees Adventure At Peak

Philippines

Dear Editor,

Upon leaving the wonderful U. S.—I never realized just how wonderful—all contacts with St. Joe and correspondence with college friends were lost. A few days ago I received my first copy of **CONTACT**, and believe me, my morale was lifted no end.

For nearly a year I have been tangling with the Japs in New Guinea, and now in the Philippines. . . . Excitement rains no end. A short time ago our little craft was the victor over a Jap Zero. The splash of plane, body, and water was beautiful but too close—a few feet off our bow.

Adventure is at its peak. I could go on with other potential news reels; I could expand on the cruelty and poverty suffered by these poor Philippinos.

To console myself, my thoughts linger on my return and that homecoming at St. Joe for all of us.

Sincerely,
Ens. Joe Reinman

Stuff Editor Dick Scheiber Plays Up Tools Of Faith

Even a Navy Bomber Pilot, once he has experienced the feel of ink on his hands, cannot refrain from dipping his quill into the liquid with which words are moulded into thoughts. Lieut. Richard (Dick) M. Scheiber, '41, pioneering editor of **Stuff** in student days, will have an article in **Book Tab**, the trade journal of the Bruce Publishing Company, next month.

Bruce is using the article in connection with the book, **Survivor**, by Paul Madden, as told by Pete Martin. Of what he has written Lieut. Scheiber says, "They asked for it and received a short article on my forced landing at sea, and how it was connected with the tragic voyage of Army Lieutenant Paul Madden, whose forsaken plane I found, and who spent eleven days on the sea in his rubber raft.

Plays Up Tools Of Faith

"I played up the tools of Faith that we carry; he with his novena; I with my ancestral medals and rosary in my flying suit. Together with this I am called upon to write a method of operation for some new phase of night flying training."

Dick, who remains a night bomber trainer pilot at the Naval Air Station, Vero Beach, Florida, has the latest word on his brother Tom:

After a year at Notre Dame pursuing V-12 electrical engineering, Tom is now a pre-midshipman at Asbury Park, N. J. The work is much less theoretical there, and he is well pleased. He is sold on the small school; you should hear him talk between the lines in his letters about the shortcomings of those vast institutions.

Ens. Paul Gillig has just finished training at the nearby Naval Amphibious Training Base, Fort Pierce,

Bivenour Receives Captain's Duties

Dear Editor,

I am now a member of the 192nd F. A. Bn instead of the 169th. I like it much better and I had the good fortune to be made S-2 in the Battalion. This is a Captain's job; it means that if I can do a good job in our next campaign I may be considered for that promotion.

Pray for the men down here who face a future of blood, tears, and victory.

Sincerely,

Lieut. Jack Bivenour, '42

Florida. In Fort Pierce one evening I also ran smack into Jesse Dunbar, also a new ensign down there with the amphibious forces. We talked long and loud about school.

What hours a hard-working naval instructor in night bombing keeps is revealed in these lines from Dick:

Nightly I sleep from seven or eight p. m. to one a. m., when I get up, have breakfast, and pedal my bike two miles out to the hangar. Flying nightly from three a. m. to daylight, I then absorb another breakfast and hustle off to the ground training classes with my charges. Now and then I take a day flight before noon, and then pedal home for a light lunch, followed by a three-hour afternoon nap. Then I arise and get ready for dinner. After five days of this I get one day off, when I can live normally.

LAST MISSION



Lieut. Tom Kelley

Second Lieutenant Thomas M. Kelley of Leipsic, O., who spent two years at St. Joseph's before entering the armed forces in July, 1942, was killed in action in France, December 2, 1944. Tom, a bombardier on a B-26 Marauder, was on his sixth mission over enemy territory. He had been employed by the Ohio Oil Co., of Findlay, Ohio.

Work In Hospital Means Long Hours For J. P. Sheehan

A member of a General Hospital Corps in England, Pfc. J. P. Sheehan, Jr., has been overseas for seven months. There, as he cares for the sick and the wounded, working as many as sixteen or eighteen hours a day, he awaits a number of things, one of which is not necessarily male.

Literally speaking, says Jim, England during November was under a cloud; there it rained twenty-eight of the thirty days of that month.

As for sight-seeing trips, Jim has had none save for one business trip to Liverpool. He found this seaport city looking like a very old sailor with most of his front teeth knocked out as the result of a brawl in a waterfront cafe. Gaping holes are all that remain of the large warehouses that were once one of the outstanding features of the largest seaport in the world.

Bishop Will Honor Two At First Mass

When the Revs. Richard Puetz and Charlie Muller, who will be ordained by His Excellency, Most Rev. John G. Bennett, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Lafayette, Feb. 2, celebrate their First Solemn Masses two days later, they will have their bishop as honored guest.

Bishop Bennett will assist at the Mass of Father Puetz and preach the sermon at that of Father Muller. Both young men, from Talbot, Indiana, are of the class of '39.

Donald E. Hardebeck First To Be Ordained For New Diocese

Friday, February 2, will be ordination day for the Rev. Donald E. Hardebeck, '39, of Kokomo, Indiana. With two of his classmates, Fathers Richard Puetz and Charles Muller, he will be the first to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders from the Most Reverend John G. Bennett, D.D., Bishop of Lafayette.

Father Hardebeck will celebrate his First Solemn Mass in St. Patrick's Church, Kokomo, at ten o'clock, Sunday, February 4. At the altar with him will be four alumni: Father Robert J. Halpin, '04, pastor of St. Patrick's, as arch-priest; Father Clement L. Koors, as deacon; Fathers Albin, '05, and George Scheidler, '04, as masters of ceremonies. All are cousins of Father Hardebeck.

Dr. Joseph Lill Dies January 4

The father of twelve children—eight daughters and four sons—Dr. Joseph C. Lill, '09-'13, died Thursday, January 4, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he had gone six weeks earlier because of ill health.

Born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, March 14, 1893, Dr. Lill returned there to practice medicine in 1918 after receiving his medical degree from St. Louis University



and serving as intern in City Hospital, St. Louis. He became a member of the Ft. Wayne Board of Health in 1935, and in 1936 and 1937 served as deputy under the Allen County Coroner. At St. Joseph's Hospital he was chief of staff.

Dr. Lill was a member of St. Peter's Parish, the Holy Name Society, Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, Fort Wayne Country Club, and Rotary Club. He was also director of the Dime Trust & Savings Bank.

Herman Leugers, '11, Sends Note On Boys

Captivated by the announcement of the Trapp Family Singers' coming to the college January 24, Mr. Herman Leugers, '11, of Maria Stein, Ohio, wrote to the editor for more particulars. He also had a note on the boys:

Lieut. Henry J., '37, is still navigation instructor at Selman Field, Monroe, Louisiana; S/Sgt. Joseph G. has charge of the accounting section of the finance office at Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio. Another St. Joe Alumnus, S/Sgt. Cyril A. Bernard, of Maria Stein, is with the Engineers in northern Australia.

Act Two Of Drama Now Being Written By Lieut. Bandjough

October 26, 1944
Delayed

Dear Editor,

Since March I've had so many changes of address that I hesitated sending them to you, never knowing how long I was going to remain at one place. You may recall that I was stationed in Panama City, Florida for ten months. While there my only outstanding achievement was to marry the sweetest girl in the South. This came about, March 2, in the Army Chapel at Tyn-dall Field.

Shortly after that there was a hurried trip to Boston—orders to Comm. School. Three months later, orders to Miami. August 2 found me sleeping wearily at the Alexander Hamilton Hotel in San Francisco, and four days later the prow of a ship pointed westward to the Pacific, bound for Pearl Harbor. Six days awaiting further and final orders, a long plane ride, Mariana Islands. Curtain. End of first act.

The second act is being written now even though we cannot keep diaries. This act will be completed, and the third will commence the day U. S. A.-bound transportation arrives with a cabin door labeled E. A. Bandjough.

Sincerely,
Ed.

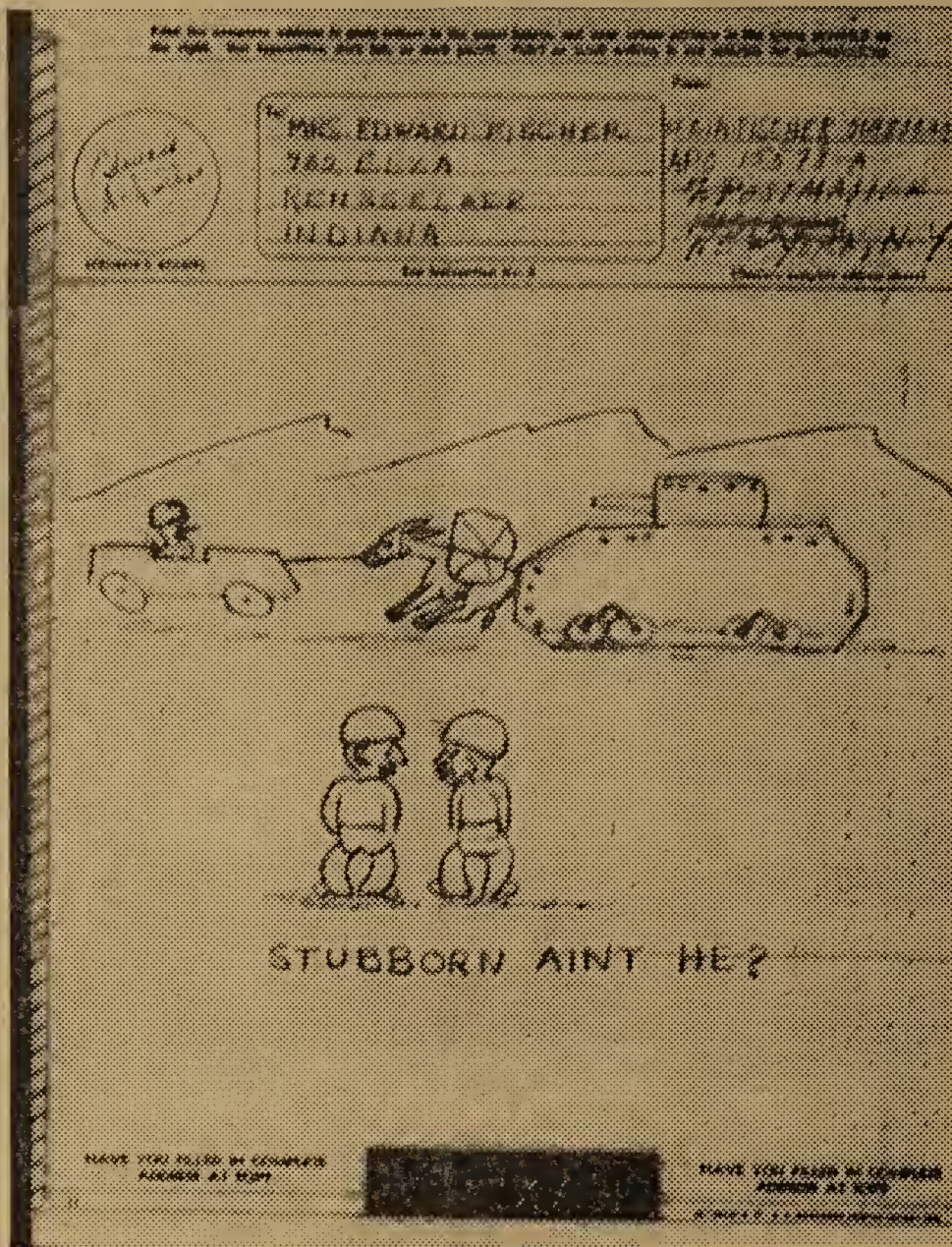
HARMONY



Baroness Maria Augusta von Trapp and her six-year-old son. The Trapp Family sang liturgical and folk music and played those ancient instruments, the spinet and blockflute, on the stage of St. Joseph's of Indiana, at eight o'clock, Wednesday evening, January 24.

MISSOURI GOES TO BURMA—

One of a series of cartoons drawn by Lieut. Edward A. Fischer, Director of Public Relations at St. Joseph's of Indiana, whose overseas assignment has sent him to Burma as an officer in an army pack-train unit.



Hierholzer Cited For Service In Patton's Army

Louis J. Hierholzer is a sergeant-major in General Patton's Third Army. His parents have received a citation honoring Louis for meritorious service and the award of the Bronze Star Medal.

Mr. E. J. Hierholzer, his father, who is president of the Commercial Bank of Celina, Ohio, writes:

Every time I read in your paper of recognition given to former students of St. Joseph's College, it brings to my mind the training these boys received while attending school there, training which has prompted them conscientiously to perform their duties, with the result that they are recognized and honored.

Robert Sneider, '37, of 6340 S. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago, has held a Sergeant's rating for some time.

Cartoonist Killed In Battle Of France

That faithful cartoonist for Stuff and CONTACT during the two years that he spent at St. Joseph's, Pfc. Leonard J. Her-riges, lost his life in action on the battlefield of France, November 16. All of us remember the sense of humor with which he brushed aside the hardships of training for the infantry and the more severe privations that accompanied wading through the mud overseas. Let us remember, too, to pray for the repose of his soul.

Kathleen Ann Comes As Christmas Gift

Under the alias "Rusty," class of '34, came the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Scheidler of Greensburg, Indiana, are the parents of Kathleen Ann who, weighing eight pounds and eleven ounces, peeked out into the pre-Christmas world, December 21, and began to cry for Santa Claus.

Joe Hanley, '43, Marries Jan. 20

At St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph, Michigan, January 20, 1945, Miss Ruth Kasischke became the bride of Joseph Hanley, '43, who received a medical discharge from the Navy Air Corps last September 15 because of a sinus affliction.

Joe received his bachelor of science degree in chemistry in August, 1943, later entering the Navy. He is now working with his father as a chemist in the Vail Rubber Works, Inc., at St. Joseph. Following his marriage he plans to go to Tuscon, Arizona for three months for a change of climate.

Father Albert Wuest, C.P.P.S., Joe's major professor in chemistry, attended the wedding.

"I would be glad to hear from George Dieninger or any other members of my class," writes Joe, who also speaks of hearing from Bob Bower and Joe Roach.

—MORE ABOUT— CARL CASTON

of a mountain in Italy. The melancholy moan of artillery shells terminating in a loud Boom was our New Years Eve celebration.

Forty-three days and 215 rosaries later I slowed up a machine gunner's bullets. After that I spent the greater part of three months in a hospital bed. It so happened that the hospital stood in the shadow of gigantic Vesuvius. At night a person looking out from the windows could see the dim, red glow of the volcano. Of this I was deprived, however, for my bed faced in the opposite direction.

Suddenly, one night in late March, the dim red glow became a fiery light, as Vesuvius erupted for the first time in centuries. There I was, right next to the greatest phenomenon of ages, and all I could do was listen to the account of it given by an altogether too prasaic narrator. His description was, 'Boy, look at that.'

A few weeks later I was sent back to Africa, where I waited for more than a month for transportation back to the good old U. S. A. Here, after two operations I was granted a thirty-day furlough and am now awaiting my next, when I hope to visit you in Collegeville.

Sincerely yours,
Pfc. Carl Caston.

Lieut. Gigandet In France

Only a Christmas greeting with his name signed, a card from Lieut. Joseph I. Gigandet, '34, gave the impression that he is in France.